

DELL

FEBRUARY

15¢

ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

The Clue of
"The Cryptic Key"



"This young fellow is a real How Rogers cowboy."

The name and holder are my friend, too.

have real Ray Rogers clothes and to see

Ray Rogers



Have more fun at school or play the real Boy Rogers way!

ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

in **THE CLUE OF THE CRYPTIC KEY**

ONE MORNING
AS ROY ROGERS
WENT INTO HIS STABLE
TO VISIT BILL
POWERS, HE
DISCOVERED
MURDER...

BREKKK! HELP! MURDER!



INSIDE... LOOK!
IT'S MR. GAINES!

OH, THE POOR
MAN! HE DEAD?

WELL'S GONE ON, ROY?



MR. GAINES ALWAYS OPENS PROMPTLY!
WHEN I TIEED THE DOGS AND FOUND
IT LOOKED I LOCKED THROUGH THE
WINDOW, AND...

COME ON,
BILL! WE'LL
HAVE TO
BREAK IN!

WHAT
HAPPENED,
WALLY?

I'D JUST OPENED UP... AND AS I
WALKED IN, TWO MASKED MEN
JUMPED ME... AND THEY'D KILL ME
IF I DIDN'T OPEN THE SAFE...
HACKED ME ON THE HEAD!



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THEY'RE HEADING FOR SHAVE PASS...AND THE BORDER! SURE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS! LET'S LEAD THEM OFF!

HEY, YOU TWO! HOLD UP THERE!



BUT THE TWO STRANGERS IGNORED BOY AND RIDE INTO THE PASS

I'LL RIDE A GUN TO SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!



TAKE COVER, BILL!



THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND COME OUT PEACEFUL OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT!

NOTHIN' DOIN'! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, WASTEE, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME AND GET IT!



KEEP THEM PINKED DOWN! I'LL CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND THEM!

Right!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, ROY HAD COMPLETED HIS CIRCULE.



...AND SUDDENLY

HERE'S ROY ROGERS!

DROP
YOUR
GUNS!!



LOOKS LIKE WE MADE A MISTAKE
BILL! I KNOW THESE MEN!
THEY'RE COMMANDS ON THE
"LAWY F" SPREAD!

THEN WHY
DID THEY
TRY TO
BURN ME
DOWN?



SHERIFF, WHEN SOMEBODY
STARTS THROWING LEAD
IN MY DIRECTION FOR NO
REASON AT ALL, I DON'T
AIM TO STAND AROUND
AND ASK QUESTIONS! I
TAKE COVER AND START
THROWING IT BACK!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE
A COUPLE OF OUTLAWS
WE WERE "TRAILING"
HAVE YOU BEEN RUN
ACROSS TWO RIFLES
OUT THE WAY?



WE'VE BEEN OUT "TRAILING"
SINCE EARLY
MORNING AND NOW
THE ONLY RIDERS WE'VE
SEEN!

WELL, THANKS ANYWAY!
SORRY ABOUT MY TRAILER,
BUT OK. GLAD MORRIS
GOT AWAY! WE WON'T
KEEP YOU ANY LONGER!



I KNOW A LAWMAN
DOESN'T SHOOT UNLESS
HE HAS TO, ROY, BUT
I WAS AFRAID THEY'D
GET AWAY! GUESS I
WAS A LITTLE OVER-
ANXIOUS... THIS BEING
MY FIRST JOB!

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LET
IT HAPPEN AGAIN, BILL!
WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD
BACK TO TOWN! I WANT
TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK
AT THAT EXPRESS OFFICE!





AFTER AN HOUR OF WITCHAGE WAITING...

YOUR MONCH WAS RIGHT, BOY! AND HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT OUT OF TOWN!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AT A DISTANCE! COME ON!



HE'S HEADING TOWARDS DEVILS CANYON!

WE'LL MOVE IN CLOSER, NOW! KEEP YOUR EYES ON HIM! HE DON'T WANT TO COSE HIM!



THAT SARDOL'S BEEN DEPARTED FOR YEARS!

WELL, IT'S NOT DEPARTED NOW! WE'LL LEAVE THE HORSES HERE AND GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT!



SHALL WE JUMP 'EM, BOY?

NOT YET, BILL! LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST!



YOU GUYS DID A REAL PROFESSIONAL JOB TODAY! ALMOST TOO PROFESSIONAL! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE SOMEBODY'S BEEN USING IT FOR AN ANVIL!

ALL THREE OF THEM ARE IN THERE... AND THEY'VE GOT THE MONEY! LET'S GO!



AS SOON AS I DIPPY UP THIS MONEY, YOU BOYS CAN BE ON YOUR WAY! I WANT TO GET BACK TO TOWN BEFORE ANYBODY RIPPES ME!

OKAY, WILLY! WE'LL BE OUT OF THE TERRITORY BEFORE BREAKFAST!

GOOD! THERE'S YOUR CUT! I UPPED THE ANTS BECAUSE EVERYTHING WENT SO SMOOTH TODAY!

THANKS, WILLY! YOU KNOW WHERE TO REAP US IN CASE YOU CAN LINE US UP ANOTHER JOE! LET'S GO VINCE!



REACH! YOU BOYS AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE RIGHT NOW!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO. BACK UP! AND PUT THAT MONEY ON THE TABLE!

JAMES THEY'LL BE A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE AFTER I TAKE THEIR GUNS!

I ... I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ASK BOY! HE CONNECTED WITH THE ROBBERY WILLY!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
SLEEPING, ROGERS! NO! YOU **COULD'N'T** HAVE
SUSPECTED ME!



WELL, YOU LEFT A CLUE SO CLEAR
THAT YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE
WRITTEN A CONFESION AND
SIGNED IT!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
HOW,
ROGERS



BUT I'M **NOT** WAITING TO FIND OUT! JUMP 'EM BOYS!

HEY!



THE BROKEN LAMP'S REMAINING SPILLS AND...

OOOF!



...THE FLAMES FEED ON THE GRACK'S DRY MEAT...

WE BETTER HURRY,
BOY! IT'S GETTING
A LITTLE WARM!

ALL RIGHT! ONE...







I GOT THEIR MONEY, TOO!
NONE OF THE BILLS ARE
SIGNED, BUT THE EXPRESS
COMPANY WON'T MIND!

GOOD WORK, BILL!
LET'S TAKE THESE
"GENTLEMEN"
BACK TO TOWN.



BOY, WHAT MADE
YOU SUSPECT WILLY?

WILLY TOLD US HE WAS
JUMPED JUST AS HE
ENTERED THE TELEGRAPH
OFFICE! I KNOW HE LIED
ABOUT THAT, AND FIGURED
HE LIED ABOUT THE BOY, TOO!



HOW'D YOU
KNOW, BOY?

I FOUND THIS TELEGRAPH MESSAGE
ON HIS SPINDLE, DATED TWO MORNINGS
AN HOUR BEFORE WE ROUNDED WILLY!
HE CERTAINLY COULDN'T HAVE SIGNED
THE KEY AFTER HE WAS TIED UP!



SEEMS LIKE THIS
RUINED WILLY'S PLAN
TO RETIRE, ECH?

AT LEAST HE CAN BE PROUD
OF ONE THING! HIS RECORD'S
PERFECT! HE WAS WITH THE
EXPRESS COMPANY TWENTY
YEARS, AND HE STILL HADN'T
LOST THEM A CENT!





CONVENTION COPY BY ROBERT BROWNE & L'PUG 12

Harry Larkin rode his big strawherry roan toward the ranch house of the Double-Bar-Z. Reaching the house, he eased out of the saddle and whispered something into the roan's ear. The horse studied Harry for a moment, then lifted its head up and down a few times and neighed loudly.

"All right, Harry. Everybody knows you've got a smart horse," Sim Doughty laughed as he greeted his friend. "He understands every word you say. Right?"

"He sure does, Sim," Harry retorted. "And watch that I've taught him a new trick!"

Harry put the roan through a clever routine, as Sim watched admiringly.

"Fine! He sure is smart," Sim grinned. "Take him on down to the stable. Emma has some hot coffee brewing, and we can talk over our business deal at the house."

Harry led the roan away. "Sure thing, Sim. But I think you're still a little skeptical of this horse."

Much later that night, Harry and Sim were still talking business when suddenly, loud neighing and snorting came from the stable. Rushing out, the two men saw a dark silhouette of a horse and rider disappearing into the outer blackness.

Back in the stable, Sim glanced about apprehensively. "He got away with one of my prized saddles, Harry!" Sim cried. "And we'd never trail him tonight!"

"Don't worry," Harry replied calmly. "My horse, Ranger, was here all the time. He probably got a good look at the robber!"

"This is no time for jokes, Harry. How could that horse tell you who it was?"

Harry was deep in thought for a moment, then he looked at Sim squarely. "Tell you what, Sim. First thing tomorrow, we'll ride into town and pick up all the suspects we can. There are some pretty shiftless characters in there."

"Sounds crazy," Sim countered. "Even if the robber was among them, how could...?"

"I admit it's a long chance, Sim. But if the robber is among them, Ranger will pick him out. What do you say? Try it?"

"Well, all right. I feel like an idiot, but what can I lose?" Sim shot back, as they headed back to the ranch house.

The next day, with the sheriff's help, four suspects were standing outside of Sim's stable. Harry eyed them coldly.

"I'll take them in, one at a time," Harry said calmly. "Got my own reasons."

As Harry took the men, one by one, into the stable where Ranger was, the men outside heard only the low murmur of voices, the snorting of a horse and prancing of hoofs. This happened three times, and each time Harry came out shaking his head.

The last man to go in with Harry was Fred Falon. When the door closed, the roan started wildly toward Falon.

"You're the one!" Harry said in a low but excited voice. "This horse remembers seeing you last night! Maybe I should let him have his revenge!"

"NO! NO!" Falon cried. "I—I did it! I'll tell everything — keep that horse away!"

Minutes later, as they stepped outside, Harry said, "This is your man, Sheriff! You'll find the saddle in his house!"

Sim was wide-eyed. "It's hard to believe! How could a horse...?"

"Now maybe you believe me, Sim," Harry chuckled, as he swung up on Ranger.

Far out on the trail, Harry patted his roan's neck. "No need telling Sim that I tried the same trick on each man, Ranger. But the others had a clear conscience and Falon didn't. That's why he cracked up. Promise me you won't tell either."

Ranger tossed his head and snorted. He was a smart horse, and Sim knew it too.

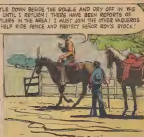
Roy Rogers' Horse
TRIGGER

AT LAST I THINK I HAVE
LEARNED HOW TO MAKE ONE
BIG LEAP INTO THE SADDLE
JUST THE WAY SHERO ROY
DOES IT! WATCH,
GRANDFATHER!

AGAIN?

THE HORNET'S NEST





STEALTHY, THE TWO STRANGERS CREEP TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING BOY...



AS TRIGGER, SEEING ONCO'S DANGER, ATTEMPTS TO DRIVE THEM OFF!



HE OFF THAT CAUSE SOMEHEDS! I'LL HANDLE THE KID!



THAT SOUNDS LIKE TRIGGER! MAYBE THERE IS TROUBLE!



LOOK! THE OLD MAN'S COMING BACK! WE'D BETTER QUICK INTO THAT STABLE!

WE'RE LEAVING YOU HERE, KID — BUT OUR GUNS WILL BE AIMED RIGHT AT YOU AND YOUR GRANDPA! BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY AND GET RID OF HIM, OR WE'LL DO IT FOR YOU — OUR WAY!



MOMENTS LATER...

I HEARD TRIGGER WHINING! IS SOMETHING WRONG, ONCO?

IT — IT WAS NOTHING, GRANDFATHER! JUST A — A STRAY HORNET STUNG HIM!



UNTHOUGHT, TRIGGER SUES HIMSELF BRINGING
ONLY AT AN OVERDUE TREE BRANCH.



PULLING IT FREE, HE TIGHTS WITH
IT TO THE STABLE.

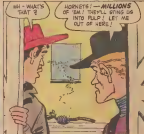


... AND HURLS IT INTO AN OPEN SIDE WINDOW !



WH - WHAT'S
THAT ?

HORNETS! — MILLIONS
OF 'EM! THEY'LL STING US
INTO PULP! LET ME
OUT OF HERE!



AS THE
FLEEING
HORSES
DROVE
ONTO
BRUSH
AND
GRASS
- FASTER...

AND THOSE MEN WERE
HOLDING
GUNNERS ON US ! TRIGGER SURE
ACTED FAST !

EVEN TRIGGER WAS
LEARNED THAT THE HORNETS
STING IS MEANT FOR THOSE
WHO DESERVE IT !



CHUCK WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

T-BONE'S TALENT



EVERY SMALL WESTERN TOWN HAS A COUPLE OF OLD-TIMERS, WHO CARRY ON A FRIENDLY FEUD! IT MAY BE OVER ANYTHING, HOSS TRADING OR JUST PLAIN TRYING TO GET THE BEST OF EACH OTHER! IN THIS TALE IT WAS A LITTLE OF BOTH...

ONE DAY OLD MOSE, A LOCAL HOSE TRADER, WAS SITTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE NEW SHERIFF...

...YOU MEAN TO TELL AS THAT YOU DON'T KNOW OLD T-BONE? I THOUGHT EVERYONE KNEW THAT OLD HOSE TRADER... HE'S A SLY ONE! I BEEN TRYIN' TO GET THE BEST OF HIM FOR YEARS!

NO! I GUESS I NEVER MET HIM! I'M STILL PRETTY NEW IN THESE PARTS!



SOMETIMES THAT OLD T-BONE IS AS COOKED AS THIS OUTLAW, THE MOSSA KID! HE'S BEEN SKINNIN' PEOPLE IN HOSE TRADES AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER!

WELL, MOSE, THAT MOSSA KID IS A 'DOGG ONE! I DOUBT IF YOUR FRIEND IS AS BAD AS HIM!



I HAVE TO GO HOME NOW, SHERIFF! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO MEET OLD T-BONE SOMETIME, AND WHEN YOU DO—BE SURE YOU DON'T BUY ANY HOSES FROM HIM! HA! HA!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT!



IF YOU EVER NEED A HOSE, YOU JUST LOOK ME UP! I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD DEAL!

HA, HA, I'LL DO THAT, MOSE! ADIOS!



EXETER, AS MOSE HEADS HOME...

LOOKIE HERE! THOSE BOYS COMIN' ARE SURE PUSHING THEIR HORSES HARD... I WONDER...





OH! OH! LOOKS LIKE I'VE JUST MET THE MESA KID! I BETTER DO SOME FAST THINKIN'!



LOOK, POP! WE SEEN BODIN' FOR QUITE A SPELL AND WE NEED FEESH HORSES! CAN YOU TELL US WHERE WE CAN TRADE FOR SOME?

UH... OH, YES! MR. MAULEY HAS A BUNCH ABOUT THREE MILES NORTH OF HERE! HE MIGHT TRADE WITH YOU! HE USUALLY HAS SEVERAL HORSES AROUND HIS CORRALS!



THANKS, POP! SO LONG!

ER... YEARS! I'LL SEE YOU AROUND!



COME ON, STEPPER! WE GOTTA GET TO THE SHERIFF, RIGHT AWAY!



LATER, BACK IN TOWN...

COME ON, SHERIFF! I JUST TALKED TO THE NESSA KID!

WHAT?

MOOSE TELLS THE SHERIFF WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

...SO COME ON AND I'LL SHOW YOU RIGHT WHERE THEY'LL BE!

ALL RIGHT, MOOSE - BUT THEY'VE HAD QUITE A HEAD START! LET'S HOPE WE CAN PICK UP THEIR TAIL!



I'M TELLING YOU, SHERIFF, I KNOW WHERE THEY'LL BE... AND ANOTHER THING, THEY'LL BE LEAVING THEIR HORSES!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN TELL - BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU COLLECT THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD MONEY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SHERIFF, TWO DEPUTIES, AND OLD MOOSE GALLOP OUT OF TOWN.



SOON...

MOOSE, YOU CAN SEE WE'RE ABOUT A MILE PAST THE WALKER RANCHO. SO ACCORDING TO YOUR THINKING, WE SHOULD BE IN SIGHT OF THE KID AND HIS BOYS!

RIGHT! AND THERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF!



WELL, DOGGONE! THEY'RE WALKING AND LEADING THEIR HORSES - JUST LIKE YOU SAID THEY WOULD, MOOSE!

SURE! NOW, LET'S RIDE AROUND AND BEAT THEM TO THE MOUTH OF THAT CANYON! WE CAN GET THE DROPPON THEM THERE!



THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN ARE WAITING AS THE OUTLAWS LEAVE THE CANYON...



ALL RIGHT, KID! REACH! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

OKAY, SHERIFF—WE MIGHT AS WELL! MY FEET ARE KILLING ME, AND THAT'S THE HARDEST RIDING HORSE I EVER SAT!

HOW COME YOU BOYS WERE ALL WAKING AND LEAVING YOUR HORSES?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW, SHERIFF! THESE ARE FRESH HORSES, BUT WE HADN'T GONE A MILE TILL THEY BEGAN TO GIVE OUT!



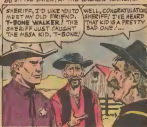
BOON...



YOU'LL GET YOUR REWARD, MOSE! NOW TELL US HOW YOU KNEW THAT THEY WOULD BE OUT HERE LEAVING THEIR HORSES!

LET'S STOP IN AT THIS RANCH SO 'ES CAN TALK TO MR. WALKER, MY FRIEND! THAT'LL EXPLAIN A LOT TO YOU!

A LITTLE LATER, AT THE WALKER RANCH...



SHERIFF, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY OLD FRIEND, T-BONE WALKER! THE SHERIFF JUST CAUGHT THE MESA KID, T-BONE!

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, SHERIFF! I'VE HEARD THAT KID IS A PRETTY BAD ONE! ...

BUT SPEAKING OF BAD ONES, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE HORSEES THAT I SOLD HORSES TO TODAY! THEY JUST HAPPENED IN, AND I MADE \$200 ON THE MESS! BET YOU HAVEN'T PULLED A DEAL LIKE THAT IN YEARS, MOSE!



OH, YES, I JUST DID! I SENT THOSE MEN, YOU GU SALOOT! I FIGGERED THEY'D GET SOME SORRY BASS THAT WOULDN'T TAKE 'EM FAR! AH! I'M SATISFIED WITH THE \$5000 REWARD FOR CAPTURING THE MESA KID! THANKS, T-BONE!



Roy Rogers

and **TRIGGER**

in **DOUBLE DANGER**

IT IS EARLY SUMMER IN BENTON CITY AND THE TOWNSMEN ARE GETTING READY FOR THE ANNUAL RODEO AND RODEO...



THE NEXT ENTRY IN THE BROMO-RIDING CONTEST IS ROY ROGERS!



THE BROMO IS RELEASED FROM THE CHUTE AND ROY STEALS HIMSELF FOR THE ROUGH RIDE...







THE LEADER BACK SLIPS DOWN AND SARAY'S FRIENDS HOLD HIS CHEEK.



SWINGING INTO THE SADDLE, THE OUTLAW LEADER STARTS TO FLEE WITH THE PRIZE MONEY.



FIRING ON THE RUN, ROY TAKES CAREFUL AIM.



AND SEPARATES THE OUTLAW FROM THE PRIZE MONEY.



MOMENTS LATER...

YOU ALL
RIGHT, ABE
BENTON?

YES, BUT NO THANKS TO YOU
IT'S A GOOD THING ROY ROGERS
WAS HERE IN TIME TO SAVE THE
PRIZE MONEY FOR
"THE GOOD".













ACROSS THE STREET, JOH AND SARAH ENTER THE SMALL OFFICE



AS SARAH OPENS THE SAFE, JOH WATCHES WITH EAGER EYES...



SECONDS LATER...



MEANWHILE, AT THE DANCE, BOB SUDDENLY UNDERSTANDS THE MYSTERY...



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE, "JOH?"







A PLEDGE



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These outlaws were extremely cautious, never revealing a silhouette by riding on top of a ridge and taking great pains to destroy their trail by riding in streams!



After a night's ride, the owlhooter had out during the day — never daring to build a fire for fear that the telltale smoke would bring a posse down upon him!



The outlaw avoided strangers as much as possible, but occasionally was forced to leave the owlhoot trail and venture into some ranch to trade for a fresh horse!



Due to circumstantial evidence, innocent men also rode the owlhoot trail, at times, living the life of hunted men, until they were found and exonerated by the law!

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

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ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM

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Hans and Greta

(1958 version)



Once upon a time a coolsome twosome called Hans and Greta

went on a field trip with their class. But tripping through the field,

Hans and Greta got so lost in their conversation that they really got lost, man!



But they kept walkin' and talkin' and soon they found a real

crazy cottage! The roof was cheese (you know — cottage cheese)!



The walls were hamburgers! The tables and chairs were potato chips. The fire-
place was popcorn. And all the cabinets



were filled with 7-Up.

"Thank goodness they're not building houses the way they used to!" said Hans,
munching a chair and opening some 7-Up (because 7-Up makes whatever you

eat taste better!).



"Man, yes" said Greta. Just then the rest of

the class found them, and *everybody* ate and drank. It was a picnic!

And it was so much fun, that ever since, happy kids have been having

a picnic with 7-Up and good things to eat.



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MORAL: Have a real picnic. Have
7-Up with your food. 7-Up between
bites makes whatever you
eat taste better.

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

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